

NORTHERN MESSENGER

DEVOTED TO TEMPERANCE, SCIENCE, EDUCATION, AND LITERATURE.

VOLUME XX., No. 7.

MONTREAL & NEW YORK, APRIL 1, 1885.

SEMI-MONTHLY, 30 CTS. per An., Post-Paid.

SIR JOHN LAWRENCE.

In December last we gave our readers a sketch of the Christian hero, Sir Henry Havelock, the memory of whose march through a rebellious country to the city of Lucknow, to save the garrison from the hands of the murderous natives surrounding the city, will live in the memory of his countrymen while time shall last. We would now bring to their notice a man, who though not a soldier was a no less important instrument in bringing India safely through the horrors of the Sepoy mutiny of 1857.

In September 1829 two brothers sailed from England for India for whom their friends predicted very different fortunes. For the elder, a soldier, now returning from absence on sick leave, friends prophesied great distinction. From John, five years his junior, who was only eighteen years old and going out for the first time, not as a soldier but as a member of the civil service, little was expected. As time went on the predictions in regard to Henry were more than fulfilled, but in the case of John, prophecy was, not for the first time, at fault. For a little time he was stationed at Calcutta, but the home sickness and depression were not to be endured and he begged to be sent to the frontier into more active service. So he was sent up the river to Delhi as assistant to the British Resident. Here he served an apprenticeship for nearly eight years, and then at the age of twenty-four was appointed collector and acting magistrate to the large surrounding district of Paniput. There was no time for home sickness now. Here he was, a single Englishman in charge of a population of four hundred thousand natives, many of whom made a living by cattle lifting and general highway robbery, and many of his adventures are recorded. Few crimes were committed unknown to him, and the doers of them seldom escaped his vigilance. He was called "a giant in strength and in courage, in roughness and in kindness, in sport and in work, a dauntless tracker of criminals and a mighty hunter before the Lord."

But a trying climate and unceasing work began to tell on even his strong frame and in 1840 he left for England on sick leave. While there he married, and in 1842 he returned bringing his wife with him, and two years after was appointed magistrate and collector of the city and district of Delhi. Lawrence had only returned to Delhi a short time when he made the acquaintance of the Governor-general of India who was passing through the city on his way to the

frontier to inspect the forces there. At this time English territory in India extended only as far north as the river Sutlej. North of this is the district of the Punjab, so called from the five large rivers, all emptying into the Indus. Before he arrived at the frontier the Governor general found that the Sikh army, numbering some 60,000 men and 150 guns, had crossed the Sutlej and invaded British territory. Here now was war before them, but how were they to get supplies? The amount of provisions and ammunition required were enormous.

the territory between the Sutlej and the Beas, a tract of about thirteen thousand square miles, was in the hands of the British. John Lawrence was at once appointed administrator, and with his usual decision and energy he went to work, and in a few months brought order out of the reigning confusion, and introduced many reforms, one of which was preventing the killing of female infants, a practice which was then rife among the natives.

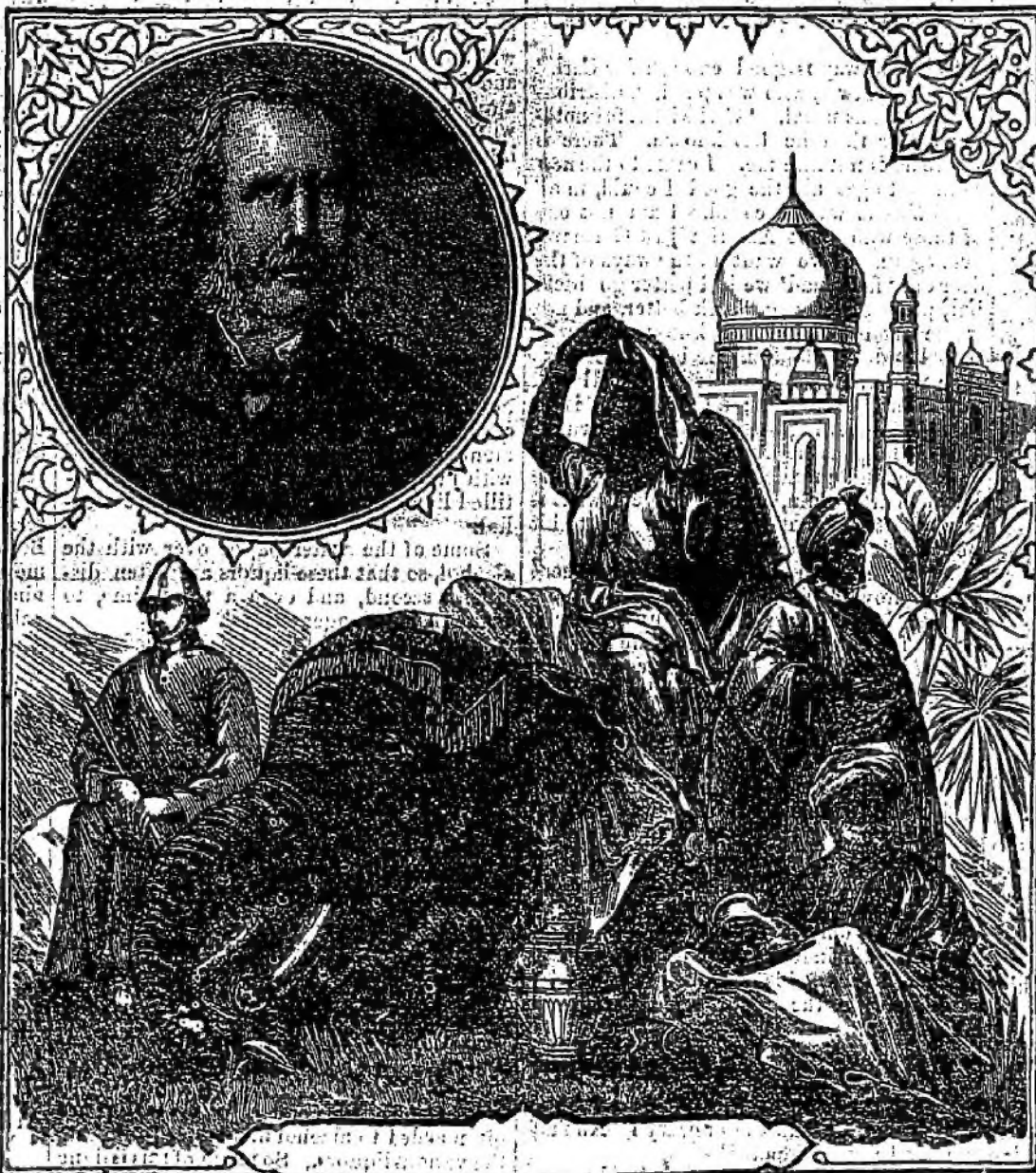
During this time his brother was British Resident at Lahore some little distance west

gomery. Now it happened that these three men had all when they were boys passed through the same school, Foyle College, Londonderry, and here they were now the members of the Punjab Board of Administration. On Christmas day 1851, these three were sitting after their dinner talking over old times. Suddenly Sir Henry said, "I wonder what the two poor old Simpsons are doing at this moment and whether they have had any better dinner than usual," (these Simpson brothers had been their teachers,) and proposed with his characteristic impulsive generosity that they three each send the old men £50 as a Christmas box from their old pupils. Montgomery and John Lawrence both cordially agreed and the money was sent. Time passed on and the subject had been almost forgotten when one morning a letter was received from the old gentlemen which had been begun "My dear, kind boys," thanking them for the generous gift which, they said, would keep them from want during the short while they had to live and expressing gratitude, not so much for the money as for the knowledge that their "boys" although risen to so high a position of trust and honor, had not forgotten their old teacher.

Another anecdote of John Lawrence relates to the famous Koh-i-noor diamond, now among the crown jewels of England. This jewel had last been in the possession of the ruler of the Punjab and, when the British had taken the province, it was formally surrendered to the Board. John Lawrence took the box containing it, stuffed it into his waistcoat pocket and went on with the rest of his business. In a little while he had forgotten all about it, and in dressing for dinner threw aside the waistcoat, with no thought of the treasure it contained. Six weeks later a message came from the Governor-general that the Queen desired the diamond to be sent home at once. "Send for it, then," said John. "Send for it," cried Sir Henry, "why you have got it yourself." "Well," John

muttered to himself, "this is the worst trouble I have got into yet," but he said no word aloud. Going home as soon as he could he sent for his old servant and asked him if he had found a small box in his pocket some time ago. "Yes, Sahib," the man said, "I put it in one of your boxes." The man went and brought it to him, undid the wrappings and remarked "There is nothing here, Sahib, but a bit of glass." The man was perfectly unconscious of the great treasure he had had in his keep.

(Continued on eighth page.)



SIR JOHN LAWRENCE.

and when these were secured where were the waggons to be found sufficient to carry them over the two hundred miles to the front? In this strait the Governor General bethought him of John Lawrence, whom he had met in Delhi, and to whom he had taken a great liking. Lawrence was equal to the task and in a short time provisions, guns and ammunition were obtained, four thousand carts to carry these were secured, and in about two months the whole had arrived at the scene of action. On the 10th of February the last battle was fought, and

of his territory, and twice when he was absent John was appointed to act in his place, and so keen was his insight into the doings of the natives, so quickly did he get to the bottom of all their intrigues, that they constantly affirmed of him "John Lawrence knows everything."

But the natives continued turbulent, and finally, in 1848, the whole of the Punjab was annexed to British territory. Over this whole territory a Board was appointed consisting of John Lawrence, his brother Sir Henry Lawrence, and Mr. Robert Mont-



Temperance Department.

BREAD VERSUS BEER.

BY MRS. ANNIE A. PRESTON.

"I wish you would go over to the Silver Springs mill block, and distribute this package of leaflets," said Parson Crane, meeting his co-worker in the temperance cause, Mrs. Hawse, just around the corner from the post-office one early autumn afternoon.

The stoutly-built, rosy-cheeked young woman took the leaflet and looked it over. "Can it be true," she said, "that there is really so little that is nourishing to the blood in a glass of beer, and yet to hear Carl Strasbrad talk to the new emigrants as they come in here, you would think it was beer first, and bread if you had the means to get it."

"But few understand these things as they really are," said the minister. I wish Carl Strasbrad was obliged to read this leaflet aloud to every customer who presented himself at his brewery door for the next quarter. Do not forget Carl when you go over to the block."

"Would not some one else do better for him than I can?" asked Mrs. Hawse hesitatingly.

"Why?" asked Mr. Crane in surprise. "I have never before known you to be backward in taking up any duty that came in your way."

"Very true, sir, but you see this thing is different. I came over in the same ship with Carl, and then I drank the beer myself. I knew no better until I was so fortunate as to fall in with kind Christian people, who took an interest in helping me by God's grace to become a useful citizen of this beautiful country. And then I was converted, and the Holy Spirit came and took His abode in my heart, and has ever since been clamoring me to keep to the right, and to take up any work for Him that came to me and try to do it, not in my own strength, but in His. And now if I go to Carl's, he may say to me some things that it will not be pleasant for me to hear. Yet, if you think it best, I will go at once."

In answer to her pastor's kindly nod and smile, she took the little package of leaflets and turned down a side street.

Two or three hours later she entered Parson Crane's study a good deal excited.

"That terrible Carl!" she said. "He was as sour as his sourdest kraut. He said I ought to be heartily ashamed of myself, scattering those printed lies as thick as leaves from the Black Forest, around among the Germans in this borough, and me German! He took me by my shoulder and set me out of his shop, and indeed, sir, I had to go quick to keep the door from swinging against me as he slammed it in my face, and, sir, he said some very wicked words, as he declared that neither you nor I should again set foot on his premises."

"But he read the leaflet?"

"Oh yes, sir, and the truth in it made him angry."

"That is one good point gained. I will not fail for one day, of sending him through the post-office, some bit of temperance literature."

The parson was as good as his word, not a day was allowed to pass that some attractive book, card, paper or leaflet treating upon the evil of intemperance did not reach the counter of the brewery, and the brewer himself being fond of reading could not, as he said to some of his customers, resist seeing what new form they found in which to present their lying nonsense from day to day.

The teachers in the public schools of the borough were all temperance workers and united in carrying on a Band of Hope to which many of the scholars belonged, and in which most were interested; for among young people such interest is always contagious.

Some of the scholars were learning pieces to speak at the Band, and soon the young Strasbrads became interested and began to out-reach their parents for permission to join.

"You may go, just once, to hear your classmates speak," said Carl reluctantly. "It is natural enough that you should wish to hear them. If you were to speak I am

sure now I should like to hear you myself."

To Carl's surprise the boy and girl came home in great excitement, each with a poem that they were desired to commit to memory and to recite at the next Band meeting.

They set about learning them at once, and the parents became so interested and so anxious that the children should acquit themselves with credit, that when the evening came around Mr. and Mrs. Strasbrad were fain to go to see and hear for themselves that their own Carl and Jennie were as smart as other children.

They spoke so well that a temperance dialogue was given them to learn. Carl was so flattered that he made no opposition, although he had said he would have no more such nonsense. After drilling the children he must go to hear the dialogue recited, of course, and by that time he was interested in all of the Band exercises; he allowed the children to become members, and it came to be a regular thing for him to sit just within the door an attentive listener to all that was said at the meetings.

"A body learns a good many little things here, after all," he would say as if in excuse for being present, and sometimes he would add, "Then, too, it is amusing to see what fools the temperance folk do make of themselves when all they are doing is not carrying a feather's weight in any direction, only perhaps to amuse some such fellows as I am. The town voted for license, don't you see, in the face of all this opposition."

"We do not expect to convert such hard customers as you are, Carl," said the minister, one night, catching the words, "but we want to start the young people in the right way."

"The old way is good enough for Carl," said Mrs. Hawse, who was passing, distributing leaflets as usual. "Carl wishes for nothing better than he has known. There is where he is not like me. I came to the new country to get all the good I could, in all the different ways I could. I am not one of those who want America just Germany over again. If we want all the ways of the dear old 'faderland' we had better go back, but, prithee, let us go back better, and not worse than we came. I know right well that I and my children are better off here than we have been elsewhere, but Carl will not admit even that; all he wants is to just go on brewing beer and making drunkards as long as he lives, and he wants his children and grandchildren to follow the business after him, and he forgets what is said about 'he that putteth the cup to his neighbor's lips.'"

Now Carl, with all his faults, was a sensible fellow, who believed his Bible and wanted his children brought up properly, and as for not appreciating that he was better off in America than he had been in Germany that was all nonsense, and he went away muttering:

"I should think that woman wanted to advertise me as one pig-fool peer makes."

The next evening as the pastor was busy at his study table little Carl was ushered into the room.

"Father wants you to come to him quick," he said, "as quickly as you can."

"Is he ill?"

"No sir, only in his mind he is sore distressed, and indeed, sir, I do think he is wishing to make his life a better one."

Very soon the pastor stood beside the suffering man.

"My heart burns me!" he said. "I know and feel that I am in the wrong way, but how can I ask Jesus to take my burden—and still go on with the brewery? And my family I must support."

"A bakery is greatly needed," said parson Crane, and a bakery Carl's brewery immediately became.

Carl and his family are all happy, prosperous working Christians to-day. They have a good influence over the German families who come to the borough.

"It is a war between bread and beer," says Carl, "but bread triumphs for no matter I used to tell them, it is bread and not beer that is the staff of life, and as I make the bread and keep it for sale I get hold of them first. And this has all come about because the temperance people here were all fearless workers, persistent in doing their duty in a kindly Christian spirit."

At the next annual borough meeting, greatly through the influence of Carl and his followers, the vote was for "no license," as the Christian temperance workers accomplished what money and political influence had altogether failed in.—Church and Home.

TEMPERANCE PHYSIOLOGY.

FOR USE IN SCHOOLS AND BANDS OF HOPE.

(Published by A. S. Barnes, New York, under the direction of the National W. C. T. U.)

CHAPTER III.—DISTILLATION.

When a liquid is changed to a vapor by heat, and that vapor is turned again to a liquid by cold, the process is called distillation.

Cold surfaces condense the moisture in the night air, and we say: "The dew is falling." By the heat of the sun, these drops of water are turned again to vapor that rises and spreads itself in the air; this is again changed to water by cold, and falls in the form of dew or rain. Thus, with her own heat and cold, "Nature is ever distilling."

Unless sugar is dissolved in water, it will not turn to alcohol; therefore, when first formed, alcohol is always mixed with water. Alcohol and water could not be separated until men, in imitation of nature, learned to distill.

Every child who has watched the steam puffing from a tea-kettle, knows that heat will turn a liquid to vapor. Some liquids require less heat than others for this change. When two such liquids are mixed, one can be made to pass off in vapor, leaving the other. Thus alcohol and water may be separated.

Put a fermented liquor into a kettle over the fire, with a pipe in its closely fitting cover to carry off the steam. Nearly all the alcohol will pass off in vapor before the water comes to the boiling point.

If this pipe is of the right length, and is cooled by ice or cold water, the vapor, while passing through it, will turn to a liquid and drip from the end of the pipe. If you apply a lighted match to this new liquid, it will burn with a pale blue flame, giving out intense heat.

It is mainly alcohol which has been separated—distilled—from the fermented mixture. What remains in the kettle is principally water. The alcohol is unchanged in its nature; but is stronger, because not so much diluted with water.

DISTILLED LIQUORS.

In the manner just described, brandy is distilled from wine or cider; rum from fermented molasses; whiskey from fermented corn, barley, or potatoes; gin from fermented barley, or rye, afterward distilled with juniper berries. Ordinarily these distilled liquors are about one-half pure alcohol.

Some of the water passes over with the alcohol, so that these liquors are often distilled a second, and even a third time, to make them stronger alcohol.

The alcohol usually sold is distilled from fermented molasses; but it can be made from any fermented liquor. It is so greedy for water that entirely pure alcohol can be produced only by distilling it with some substance such as lime, that is still more eager for water, and will take it from the alcohol.

DRUGGED LIQUORS.

Wine in its many forms was probably the first, and for many centuries, the only known intoxicating drink.

The ancients supposed that each of the various fruit juices made a different kind of liquor; but you see all of them are mainly alcohol and water. The different taste of each, if it is really what it claims to be, is due to its own peculiar fruit, grain, or plant flavor.

Poisonous drugs and coloring matter are often added to alcohol and water to imitate the various liquors. So much of this is done that many of the fermented and distilled liquors now sold and used, contain other poisons added to their own ever-present one—alcohol—the most dangerous of all; therefore, the idea that "unadulterated whiskey," or that the "pure, fermented juice of the grape" can be "good," is a mistake.

HOW ALCOHOL WAS DISCOVERED.

The people who lived about 700 years ago thought that somewhere, if they could only find them, were two things that would greatly bless the world. First, something that would turn iron and all common metals into gold, and thus easily and greatly enrich the finder; second, an "elixir of life," which would prevent sickness and death, and keep those who drank it forever young.

The men who tried many curious experiments in search of these two wonders, were called alchemists. It is supposed an Arab

named Albucasis was thus led to discover alcohol by distilling it from wine.

He thought it was the long sought "elixir of life." He drank heavily of it, urging others to do the same. His career of intoxication and violence was short. He had found not the "elixir of life" but the "water of death."

(To be Continued.)

WHAT KEPT THEM ALIVE.

"Why did the survivors survive?" This question was addressed by a friend of the *Companion* to Sergeant Fredericks, one of the six men of the Greeley expedition who lived to return home. He had just been to visit his family and friends in Ohio, and looked the ideal survivor; ruddy and robust, packed full of muscle.

He looked puzzled at the question, and so our friend explained a little.

"What I mean," said the questioner, "is this. There were twenty-five of you, all picked men, and you were all subjected to the same hardships. You had about an equal chance for your lives. Why were you six the survivors?"

The sergeant sat silent, as if thinking the matter over. Then he said, "It was our minds that did it. We kept up our spirits. We wouldn't give in, but kept talking and telling cheerful stories, and making believe that we had no doubt about our rescue."

That was a very good account of the matter so far as it went, but it did not explain why those six were better able than the rest to keep up their spirits. A few days later, the same friend had the great pleasure of conversing with Major Greeley himself, to whom he proposed a similar question.

"What kept you up, Major Greeley?" (He is major by brevet, and army etiquette requires that he should be called by his brevet title.) "You are not stronger than the other men, and you had already seen a good deal of hard service. Why did you pull through, when stronger men gave out?"

The answer of Major Greeley in substance was this: "It was the feeling of responsibility that sustained me. I felt that I had to live, anyhow. I felt that I must stand by the men and fulfil the object of the expedition. A hundred times I should have been glad to die, so acute were my sufferings, but in fact I had too many things to attend to."

This was Major Greeley's view of the matter. Some days later, our friend read in the *Boston Journal* another explanation, much more simple if less romantic. "Of the nineteen men who perished," said the *Journal*, "all but one were smokers, and that one was the last to die. The survivors were non-smoking men."

Upon referring to Major Greeley, we find that the paragraph, though not exactly true, yet contains a great deal of truth.

Of the six who lived to see their country again, all were men of the most strictly temperate habits in every particular. Four of them never used tobacco. The two others would sometimes, on festive occasions, to oblige friends, smoke a cigarette or a part of a cigar. They took no tobacco with them among their private stores, and cared nothing for it.

Of the nineteen who perished, the large majority were users of tobacco, some in moderation, some to excess. The first man to die was one who had been in former years a hard drinker, and there is reason to believe that the deaths of several others were hastened by previous habits of excess.

We do not doubt that the non-smokers and non-chewers on this expedition had a positive and very great advantage over their comrades, because tobacco acts as a stimulant upon the digestive powers and it is the nature of stimulants first to excite, and then to weaken. The excitement is temporary; the weakening is permanent.

Every one must have noticed how uncomfortable a smoker is after dinner until he begins to smoke. The reason is that the languid digestive powers (made languid by frequent stimulation) are waiting to be roused to exertion by the accustomed stimulant. We have not the slightest doubt that men subjected to just such a trial, having to subsist upon shrimps and seal-skin, would die about in the order of the strength of their digestive organs.

The sum of the matter is that all the virtues, mental and moral, tend to strengthen our hold upon life, and all the vices to lessen it.—*Youth's Companion*.

THE HOUSEHOLD.

HINTS ON FURNISHING.

I want to offer a few suggestions with reference to the furnishing of a guest chamber. First, let me advise the housekeeper not to be persuaded to spend money for dry goods boxes, pink cambric and dotted muslin, as such furnishing soon becomes extremely unsatisfactory.

If she lives in the country, there are frequently auctions where a bureau, three or four chairs, perhaps some of them bottomless, a sink, a washstand or a small table that might be used for toilet purposes, could be bought for a trifle. I have known all these articles to be sold for less than a dollar. Perhaps a nail or two, or a little glue, may be needed to put them in proper condition for further use. If she lives in a city or village, the auction room is just the place to find what she wishes. It is a good way to remove every vestige of old paint from them by using hot lye. Put a quart or two of ashes and three or four quarts of water in an old kettle, let it boil a few minutes, and apply hot with an old broom, going over the articles several times, frequently heating up the lye. The paint will soon yield to the vigorous use of the broom, then wash and rinse thoroughly, and wipe dry, then wet over with vinegar to kill all traces of the lye. I have just removed the paint from the case of an old-fashioned tall clock that has been off duty for nearly forty years, preparatory to having it painted and gilded, when it will occupy a corner in one of our living rooms. In a few days the furniture will be ready for its new dress, which may be cream color with chocolate bands, edged with gold paint, or a delicate shade of pale green with bands to harmonize, or the bands may be omitted. Give two good coats. When thoroughly dry, varnish with best furniture varnish.

I have no doubt but the furniture may be bought and made ready for use, with less money than the cambric and muslin. When completed you will have something pretty and durable, not requiring to be "done up" every year. Perhaps a mirror may be obtained in the same way. The frame may be painted like the furniture or with gold paint.

A small table may be made of a round piece of board, and three old broom handles painted. Tie a ribbon around where the broom handles cross. The tops of the furniture may be covered with oil cloth which resembles marble, it being neatly tacked on underneath.

The chairs may be supplied with seats of sack or board firmly fastened on, then nicely cushioned with pieces of old bed quilt. The piece bag can scarcely fail to supply materials for a variety of pretty coverings for them.

Window shades of bleached cotton with a trimming of lace across the bottom are neat and economical. Before we had blinds, I used to cut common plain curtain paper the width of the shade and several inches longer and tack shade and paper together on the roller, roll up as high as I wished, cut the paper off the length of the shade, then fasten to the hem at the bottom with a fine thread or a few pins on the back. Of course, the paper is next the window.

For a carpet straw matting is inexpensive or the floor may be painted, the centre light, with a darker border of a color harmonizing with the color of the furniture. Two or three rugs, would be an improvement.—*The Household.*

SOME SIMPLE REMEDIES.

"Accidents will happen in the best of families," is an old saying that can be verified by every housekeeper. When sudden injuries or ailments come to a member of the family prompt remedies are required and they should be kept where they can easily be obtained and applied.

The accidents which most frequently occur among children are cuts, bruises and burns and to this list I will add such diseases as croup, cramp, colic, etc. For all these there are a few standard remedies and appliances which every mother may have in readiness for use.

I will suggest these; a small bundle of cotton or linen rags, a few pieces of flannel, a little cotton batting, for ear-ache, etc., and a rolled bandage; this is made of strips of old muslin two inches wide sewed together with ends overlapped, not seamed, then rolled as tightly as possible. The bandage may

be from three to twenty yards in length, additions being made from time to time as suitable material is found. This must be kept for severe injuries where complicated bandages may be required. For ordinary cut fingers or toes a supply of rags is easily kept ready.

For cuts, besides the wrappings, we need a package of court plaster, and some vaseline or other healing salve.

For bruises, apply tincture of arnica, but if there be laceration with the bruise use glycerole of arnica in preference.

For severe burns cloths wet in a solution of soda should be quickly applied. For slight burns a mixture of lime water and sweet oil brings speedy relief.

For bee stings or the bites of insects use spirits of ammonia.

For cough or threatening croup, a good cough-syrup may be procured from your physician. The use of this, with a hot foot bath, oiling the soles of the feet and the chest, and avoiding exposure will usually prevent an acute attack of croup. Should it come, however, grate a teaspoonful of alum, mix it with molasses and sugar and give. Send for a doctor always in cases of croup, if possible.

For cramp, colic, pleurisy, or any severe pain a mustard plaster is often serviceable. To make it, mix flour and water to a thick paste, spread on a heavy cloth, sprinkle mustard over it, then cover with a thin cloth, such as cambric or mosquito net.

For neuralgia, wring flannel cloths from hot water and apply to the part affected, changing for hot cloths frequently.

For greater convenience in reference, I will place the things I have named in a list. 1, soft rags, cotton and woollen; 2, long bandage roll; 3, cotton; 4, one bottle of glycerole of arnica; 5, one package of court plaster; 6, one box of vaseline, or healing salve; 7, soda in a tin box; 8, one bottle of lime water and sweet oil; 9, one bottle of ammonia; 10, one bottle of cough-syrup; 11, one large lump of alum; 12, one box of mustard. All bottles should be plainly labelled.

A good plan is to keep all these things in a box which must always be in its place, and which must not be made a receptacle for old bottles, powders, pill boxes, or any other medical rubbish.—*Household.*

PREMATURE DEATHS.

Strong men lose their lives by imprudent acts, while the weak, compelled to take care of themselves, often live to old age. Few men live as long as they should, because few abstain from violating some law of health. The late Dr. Marion Sims, the founder of the Woman's Hospital in New York, said that most men die prematurely, even when they die of old age.

Among these premature deaths he mentions that of Peter Cooper, who imprudently exposed himself at the age of ninety-three, took cold, and died of pneumonia. Capt. Labouche, who died a few years ago in New York at the age of one hundred and eleven, also died prematurely from a cold caused by imprudent exposure.

Dr. Sims says that his own father died prematurely at the age of seventy-eight, because he did what he ought not to have done. One hot day in July, he rode thirty miles in the saddle. Having stabled his horse, he began chopping wood.

Suddenly the axe dropped from his hands, and he was paralyzed. The long ride in the sun had overheated and fatigued his body. The violent chopping overtaxed heart and lungs, and threw the blood too forcibly to the brain. A blood-vessel in the brain gave way, letting out the blood, which, forming a clot, produced paralysis.

"As all this occurred as the result of an imprudent and unnecessary act," says Dr. Sims, "I am justified in saying that my father died prematurely at the age of seventy-eight; for I am sure that without this he would have lived to be ninety-five, as his grandfather did before him."

The strength of the strong is often their weakness, while the feebleness of the weak is their strength.—*Youth's Companion.*

CORN STARCH CAKE.—Half cup of butter, creamed, one and a half cups of sugar, half cup of milk, half teaspoonful of almond, and cup of cornstarch, one and a half cups of pastry flour half teaspoonful of soda, one and a half teaspoonfuls of cream of tartar, whites of six eggs. Mix in the order given, and bake in a moderate oven.

USEFUL GIFTS.

There are many useful gifts for a bride who is to go to a new home at once which her humblest friend may prepare, and in the using of which she will be quite as grateful for their thoughts for her convenience as for the more showy gifts she seldom finds it convenient to use. Holders, dusters, nets for cooking vegetables or eggs, dumping cloths with a stout twisted string secured to each one, jelly strainers of flannel, bags for various purposes—I have such a 'penchant for bags—ironing blankets and sheets, clothes-pins, apron and mittens to wear to hang clothes out in, table covers for use when the table is laid over night, beside many other conveniences, may each be prettily ornamented by some design or letters in Turkey red marking cotton, which will wear well and insure care in laundering.

Bits of flannel left when making up winter clothing can scarcely be classed with linen outfitting, yet they are useful and may be quite ornamental if pinked or notched or bound and provided with cord or braid to hang up by; nothing makes better wash-rags, they hold the warmth of the water, preventing a chill which one sometimes feels in using linen ones; for straining jelly or any liquids requiring straining, flannel leaves a clear, "shiny" appearance, much more tempting than the clouded results often obtained after using cotton for that purpose; for holders and scouring cloths too, and even rolls of flannel and linen and "rags" nicely prepared are very useful in a house where everything is new. I know of a case where in serious sickness a fine flannel skirt was torn up for "flannel cloths" because the house had not any such rolls, of old or new, provided for such an emergency.—*Household.*

BOILED BREAD PUDDING.—A boiled bread pudding is not so common a dish as a baked one, but it is equally nice. Let one pint and a half of milk come to a boil, and pour it over three-quarters of a pint of fine bread crumbs. While this is cooling, beat four eggs very light, add sugar to your taste with a third of a cup of butter, a teaspoonful of currants, cherries or raisins, and half a teaspoonful of grated nutmeg; then when the milk has ceased to be scalding add these to it, beat well together, and put it into a buttered basin or pudding dish; tie a cloth over the top, set it into a kettle of boiling water, and let it boil for an hour and a half. A tin pail is better than a basin; for by its use there is less likelihood of burning your hand. Have the tea-kettle on the stove, so that the water can be replenished, and the boiling of the pudding not for a moment suspended.

If you wish to keep a knife sharp don't put it in hot grease; stir your potatoes while frying, or turn meat with a fork or an old case knife kept on purpose. Don't allow soap to lie in water and waste. When you have enough remove it to its dish, and if the water is hard use lye, a very little, in your dish water, some in wash water always. If you haven't suitable ashes to make it buy concentrated lye and see how much you save in a few weeks. I know a lady who says it takes five bars of soap to do her washing and complains because she can't take a magazine. I could do it with one bar and two cents' worth of lye I know. Don't throw waste paper or rags into your yard, if you can't use them to advantage burn them in the stove.—*The Household.*

The *Journal of Health* asserts that no thoughtful mother should rest until she has taught her daughter to do well the following things: To make a cup of coffee, to draw a dish of tea, to bake a loaf of bread, to cook a potato, to broil a steak or chicken, to cut, fit, and make a dress, and to set a tidy table, and say "no" when asked to drink wine. The success and permanence of the temperance cause depend largely on women. How necessary therefore that they should be well trained in right views about alcohol.

BEEF TEA.—To one pound of leg or shin of beef, minced up small, add three half-pints of water and let it stand all night; in the morning put it in a nice clean saucepan and let it come slowly to the boil, watching that it only simmers gently; then put in a little salt to flavor, and a top crust which has been toasted a dark brown. Keep the lid close, and simmer gently for three hours then pour it off, and when cold remove the fat; it is then ready for use.

PUZZLES.

ENIGMA.

In heap, not in pile;
In frown, not in smile;
In album, not in book;
In eye, not in look;
In bound, not in free;
In island, not in sea;
In bell, not in flute;
In lyre, and in lute;
In emblem, not in sign;
Whole a gift of love divine.
Let it be thy guide by day,
Lest thy footsteps go astray.

A SQUARE WORD.

1. To correct. 2. A magistrate. 3. A nest. 4. Knots of wool. 5. Habit.

JUMBLE.

Apesk lgetny! sit'a tellti ghnit
Peddorp ni het 'eshtre pde lewl
Het ogdo hts oy; cwihh ti amy gnrib
Ternitye slahl left.

PHONETIC CHARADE.

My first is to suit, and my last is a fuss;
My whole you will find to be very fa-mous.

SYNCOPIATIONS.

1. From raising take an organ of sense and leave to sound a bell.
2. From the act of depositing for safe keeping take a conjunction and leave a place for acting.

ANSWERS TO PUZZLES.

ANAGRAMS.—Matrimony.
Understanding.
Orchestra.
One word.

GEOGRAPHICAL PUZZLE.—Wolf Island, Bear Lake (Mo.), Troy (Mo.), Ware (Mass.) Canterbury (N. H.), the Horseback Mt. (Mo.), Sandwich (N. H.), Chesterfield (Mass.) Camels Hump (Vt.), Gray Head (Martha's Vineyard), Lyme (Conn.) Brainree (Mass.), Guildhall (Vt.), Woodstock (Vt.), Saybrook (Conn.), China (Me.), Ephom (N. H.), Unity (N. H.), Saystock (Me.), Wilton (Me.), Mt. Washington (N. H.), Derby (Vt.), Plainfield (Conn.), No Man's Land (south of Martha's Vineyard), Tariffville (Conn.), Sheffield (Mass.), Orange (Mass.), Windsor (Vt.), Long Meadow (Mass.), Eagle (Me.), Dead River (Me.), Springfield (Mass.) Baldwin (Me.), Warwick (R. I.), Smithfield (R. I.) Marblehead (Mass.), Mt. Holly (Vt.).

EASY SQUARE.—R A T E
A G E D
T E N D
E D D Y

DECAPITATIONS.—1. Shark, bark. 2. Hark ark. 3. Whale, hale. 4. Hale, ale. 5. Rice, ice. 6. Zany, any. 7. Will, ill. 8. Pape, ape.

CORRECT ANSWERS RECEIVED.

Correct answers have been received from W. Tweedle Trorice, Samuel Cameron, and Stanley Walwright.

LATE HOURS.

The habit of writing and reading late in the day and far into the night, "for the sake of quiet," is one of the most mischievous to which a man of mind can addict himself. The feeling of tranquility which comes over the busy and active man about 10.30 or 11 o'clock ought not to be regarded as an incentive to work. It is, in fact, a lowering of vitality, consequent on the exhaustion of the physical sense. Nature wants and calls for physiological rest. Instead of complying with her reasonable demand, the night-worker hails the "feeling" of mental quiescence, mistakes it for clearness and acuteness and whips the jaded organism with the will until it goes on working. What is the result? Immediately, the accomplishment of a task fairly well, but not half so well as if it had been performed with the vigor of a refreshed brain, working in health from proper sleep. Remotely, or later on, comes the penalty to be paid for unnatural exertion—that is, energy wrung from exhausted or weary nerve-centres under pressure. This penalty takes the form of "nervousness," perhaps sleeplessness, almost certainly some loss or depreciation of function in one or more of the great organs concerned in nutrition. To relieve these maladies, springing from this unexpected cause, the brain-worker very likely has recourse to the use of stimulants, possibly alcoholic, or it may be simply tea or coffee. The sequel need not be followed. Nightwork during student life and in after years is the fruitful cause of much unexplained, though by no means inexplicable, suffering, for which it is difficult if not impossible to find a remedy. Surely, morning is the time for work, when the body is rested, the brain relieved from its tension, and mind power at its best.—*London Lancet.*

CHRISTIE'S CHRISTMAS.

BY PANSY.

CHAPTER VIII—Continued.

And Christie went. She had done her best, and the food certainly did not look uninviting, but the lady had worked herself by this time into such a state of disgust, that I think it would have been very hard for her to be good.

She gave one disdainful glance at the ragged edges of the piece of table cloth, then shook her head: "No, thank you. I am not reduced to that state yet."

Then, seeing the flaming color in Christie's cheeks, she seemed to struggle to make herself behave better.

"I'm not afraid of you, child," she said, "you look neat, I am sure; but after seeing the hands and hair of the girl who brought the basket, I could not eat a mouthful."

Not a word said Christie. She carried her bit of table cloth back, and laid it on the seat, covering the food from the dust; her eyes, meantime, swimming with tears.

"How long does it take people to starve?" Wells asked fiercely of the old gentleman who was in the act of biting a huge piece of ham.

Evidently he understood Wells' meaning, and smiled. But Christie could not smile.

Baby, meantime, was in rollicking humor. Apparently he had resolved that his mother was not worthy of any more tears, or frettings, and he kept one pretty arm around Christie's neck, and ate seed cakes, and drank milk, with delight.

On the whole, it was a very nice dinner, and the different people who came from the other car, and shared it, all agreed that "Sarah Ann" ought to have a vote of thanks.

"I'll tell you what will be better than that," said the old gentleman, putting his hand into his pocket; "at least we can add it to the thanks, and make her happy. Let us take up a nice little collection for her to get herself a pair of rubber boots to climb through the mud in,"—and he dropped a shining gold bit into Christie's hand.

"And a comb to comb her hair with," added Wells as he laid a silver dollar beside the gold piece; "you advise her to buy one, Christie, that's a good girl."

The rough-looking men seemed equally pleased with the idea, and dropped their fifty cent pieces into the eager little hand, and the pale young man actually added another gold piece.

I wish you could have seen Christie's eyes, as her hand began to grow full! It seemed to her that she was never so happy in her life. It was so splendid to give people things; she had never had that pleasure before.

"I haven't any money," she

said softly to Wells, "but I am so glad that the rest of you have; and it is so nice in you to let me give it to her. Just think what a lot of nice things it will buy her! I know they are poor by the looks of the kitchen. I think it was real good in them to send us dinner."

"So it was; and it was real good of the woman to be such an excellent cook. I haven't had a better dinner in a long time; but I say, Christie, what are you saving that choice bit in the cloth for? You don't mean to relent and let the baby have it after all!"

"No," said Christie laughing, "baby must be content with seed cakes, and milk; I know his mamma does not let him eat ham, and I am not going to run the risk; but I thought I would keep that, for a little while."

The remainder of the milk had been carefully poured into what Wells called "the company pitcher," to be kept for baby; and Christie went with basket and money out to Sarah Ann on the platform.

Just as she came back with her eyes full of the story of the girl's dumb surprise, a lady was opening the opposite door and coming down the aisle. A middle-aged lady, elegantly dressed, and with a placid smile on her face.

"I thought I must come and look after the little fairy who so kindly furnished us with a dinner," she said brightly. "Is this the one? My child, you did not know I had some of your dinner, did you? but that patient brakesman, out there, shared his slice of bread and ham with me, and told me the whole story. I want to see the baby. If I had heard of him before, I should have come and tried to help. Yes; I have been sitting in that next car all the time; but I was so stupid as to go to sleep and lose most of the excitements. Why, Wells Burton! I wonder if you are here?"

"Yes'm," said Wells briskly, "I'm here, Mrs. Haviland; but I did not know that you were." Did you go to sleep before the accident and the stopping of the train?"

"No, indeed! I stayed awake for that excitement, and heard all about it, and the forethought of this little woman, but you see I did not know it was you, and there seemed to be so many crowding in, and nothing to do but stare, that I thought I wouldn't join them. And so it was you who were hurt? My dear boy, how distressed your mother must be!" exclaimed Mrs. Haviland, bending over him pityingly. "Where is she, and all the rest of them, and how is it that you are spending Christmas day on the cars?"

There seemed no end to the questions that the handsome lady had to ask. Christie meantime,

was engaged in watching the "Seaside library woman," as I am afraid that the lady will have to be called for the rest of the story. The moment that the stranger had exclaimed:

"Why, Wells Burton!" the lady had given a sudden surprised start, and her face had flushed deeply. At least she knew the name, if she did not the boy, and for some reason, the knowledge seemed to disturb her.

Just then the stranger turned in her direction, and bowed slightly as some people do when they know persons a little bit, and do not care to know them any better.

Wells noticed the bow, and was ready with questions.

"Mrs. Haviland, I wonder if you are acquainted with that creature. Who is she?"

"My dear boy, have you been travelling with her all day, without knowing who she is? Did you ever hear of a person by the name of Henrietta Westville?"

"I should think I had! You don't say that she is the one!"

"That is her name, my boy."

"Well! I wonder that I had not thought of it for myself. The name fits her character precisely, of all the cantankerous, disgusting creatures that I ever saw, she—"

"Softly, softly, my dear Wells, what would 'mother' say to such language as that?"

"I don't care," declared Wells, "the language doesn't begin with the subject. Mamma is reasonable. She knows that a fellow has to boil over once in a while. Why, Mrs. Haviland, you never heard the like of the way in which she has conducted herself to-day."

And then Wells launched out in a description of the conduct of the "Seaside library creature," and Christie took the sleepy baby to a seat on the other side of the car to soo him to sleep, and to wonder who this lady was, and why Wells cared because the young woman was named Henrietta Westville, and what he was telling the stranger about herself, for at this moment she overheard her own name.

CHAPTER IX.

The baby went to sleep, and the strange lady continued talking with Wells. So Christie, feeling a little lonely after so much excitement, looked about her for amusement, and discovered that the nice old gentleman was motioning to her.

"Come and take care of me a while, little woman," he said, making room for her. "Between us we can catch the baby before he makes up his mind to roll away. You must be tired looking after him. I wish his mother knew what good care he had."

"I am used to it," exclaimed Christie. "I take a great deal of care of our baby; but I am sorry for his mother!"

Christie meant the mother of the baby on the cars, not the baby at home.

The old gentleman understood her.

"It is a bad business, he said cheerly; 'but not so bad but it might have been worse. Suppose, for instance, you had not been on the cars, what would baby have done then? For that matter, what would any of us have done without our dinner? That was an excellent dinner you got up for us. How have you enjoyed the day, on the whole?'"

"Why," said Christie laughing, "I haven't had time to think. It isn't a bit such a day as I had planned."

"I imagine not. Mine isn't, I know. Let us hear what you had planned, and see if your expectations were any like mine."

"Oh, no!" said Christie; "they couldn't be! Why, in the first place, I was to take my first ride on the cars. Well, I have done that, though we didn't ride very far before we stopped."

"Just so; and we seem to find it hard work to get on again. I wonder if this is your first ride! Well, well! you will not be likely to forget it, will you? And where were you going?"

"Why, I expected to spend all this day at my uncle Daniel's in the city! I have never been there, you know, and he lives in a nice house, and has a great many things that I wanted to see."

"Do you mind telling me the thing that you wanted to see the most?"

A shy little blush came into Christie's face, and she drooped her head.

"It was very silly, I suppose, but I wanted to see the carpet in the parlor. It is what they call Brussels, and has ferns all over it, so natural that mother says you could most pick them; and some berries like what mother used to gather in the woods where she lived, away off East. I never saw such a carpet, and I can't think what it would be like. It doesn't seem to me that they could make natural-looking ferns out of threads of wool; and I wanted to see if I should think so. Then she has pretty furniture in her room, all painted in flowers—roses, you know—and pansies, and oh! a great many flowers and vines, just lovely! I never saw anything like that, either; and I couldn't think how they would look."

The old gentleman got out his only remaining handkerchief, and drew it across his mouth, to hide his smile that he did not want Christie to see; and then drew it across his eyes, for something in her voice seemed to make the tears start.

"I understand," he said, his voice full of kindly sympathy; "and so these were the things that you most wanted to see?"

"No, sir," said Christie; "not quite. I thought a good deal about them; but there was one thing that I thought I should look at more than anything else, and may be touch."

There was a curious little note of awe in her voice as she said these last words that made her listener bend his head curiously, and question in tones of deepest interest:

"What was that?"

"A piano."

She spoke the words almost under her breath.

"My dear child! did you never see a piano?"

"Oh, no, sir. My mother has, often. She used to play on one when she was a girl, and she has told me about it often and often. I think I know just how it looks. I can shut my eyes and see it; and I can think a little how it sounds; at least, it seems as though I could. It isn't like the carpet! I can't imagine that; but the music is easier. Father has a flute. We have a carpet, of course," she added, drawing herself up with a bit of womanly dignity, "but it is made of rags, and looks very different from Brussels, mother says. And I can't imagine a very great difference in carpets; but I can imagine things about music, you know."

"I know," nodded the old gentleman; and he thought to himself that he knew several things which she didn't.

After a little he said:

"And so you are missing all these wonders; but a good many interesting things have happened, I should think?"

Then did Christie's eyes sparkle.

"I should think there had!" she said. "I was thinking just a little while ago that I should have enough to tell mother and father and Karl all the rest of the winter. We have only a few books and we have to tell things to each other, instead of reading. Father said I was to keep my eyes open to-day, and I guess he will think I have."

This last she said with a happy little laugh.

"I guess he will," declared the old gentleman, "and I hope he will understand to what good purpose you have done it. What did you expect to see in the city that would interest you?"

"Oh, I didn't know. A very great many things, I suppose; but I couldn't imagine them. Only one: One day father, when he was in the city, saw the Governor of the State; you know he lives there. And to go to uncle Daniel's, we ride past his house; and I thought, may be, he

might be in the door, as he was when father went by, and I would see him. Father says he is a splendid-looking man, and he is a grand temperance man, you know, and I wanted just to have a glimpse of him; but I don't suppose I shall."

Then the old gentleman took out his handkerchief and used it vigorously on nose, and eyes and even mouth.

"He isn't at home to-day," he said at last.

"Isn't he?"

There was real disappointment

in Christie's voice. It was evident that she had not quite given up her glimpse of the Governor.

"No; but you needn't care now, after having had such a nice chance to look at him, and even talk with him."

You should have seen Christie's face then. For a moment she was quite pale with bewilderment.

"I don't understand you," she said timidly, and in her heart she wondered whether the nice old gentleman was a little crazy.

"Why, my dear child, it is a good while since morning, I know, but my memory is good, and I distinctly remember seeing you sit up straight in that seat over there beside the Governor of the State, and heard him talking to you in what seemed to be a very interesting way."

Christie sat up straight now, her eyes glowing like two stars, her small hands clasped together, and her voice with such a ring of wondering delight in it that Wells stopped in the middle of his sentence to look over at her.

"Really and truly?"

That was all she said.

"Really and truly. I saw it with my own eyes. And a grand man he is; worth knowing."

Not another word said Christie for the space of two minutes. Then she drew a long, fluttering sigh of delight, and murmured: "What a thing to tell father and mother and Karl."

"You like to see people of importance, do you?" the old gentleman asked, after watching her face in amused silence for a few minutes.

"Oh, so very much! People who are grand, and splendid, and worth knowing."

Then I suppose you would have been interested in one of the Governor's children, for instance, even if you did not know the boy; just for the sake of his father?"

"Yes, indeed, I should. But he didn't have any boy with him this morning."

"No; I was thinking of myself, and of my father, and wondering whether you would not be interested in me for his sake."

Christie thought to herself that she was interested in him for his own sake, but she did not like to say this, so she waited expectantly for what would come next.

"The truth is, I belong to a very noble family: old and grand in every way. It would be impossible to get any higher in rank than my brother is."

Christie heard this with wondering awe, and looked timidly into the pleasant face beaming on her. She said to herself that she had thought all the time there was something perfectly splendid about him, but it had not occurred to her that he belonged to such very grand people.

(To be continued.)

GODLINESS consists not in a heart to intend to do the will of God, but in a heart to do it.—
Jonathan Edwards.

LIVE in the present, that you may be ready for the future.—
Charles Kingsley.



THE FRIEND AT MIDNIGHT;
OR, THE REWARD OF IMPORTUNITY.

(Luke xi. 5-13)

At midnight to his sleeping friend
He turns, and knocking at the door,
He begs and prays that he will lend
Three loaves to him from out his store.

"For at my gate e'en now there stands
A friend of mine, all travel-worn
And unexpected, who demands
Comfort and food before the morn."

His half-waked friend, within, replies
"Trouble me not, my door is barr'd,
My children sleep, I cannot rise,
Such his refusal cold and hard."

But he, without, quits not the door:
More strongly pressing his request,
He knocks still louder than before,
And gives his churlish friend no rest;

Till, through the window, from above,
The loaves are granted to his plea,
Grudgingly granted—not for love,
But for his importunity.

We have a Friend, who slumbers not,
To all our needs and cares awake:
At midnight dark, or noonday hot,
To Him our sorrows we may take.

When'er we humbly ask He hears,
Or earnest seek, He marks our cry,
And when we knock with sobs and tears,
He opens to us instantly.

The bar of sin, which closed the door,
Himself has taken clean away:
The gate flies open ever more
To all who trust in Him and pray.

In every pressing want or woe,
Which weighs on us, or those we love,
To our true Friend, O let us go,
And He will help us from above.

He is not troubled with our prayer,
Or weary of our urgent plea:
He bids us cast on him our care,
He loves our importunity!

RICHARD WILTON.



The Family Circle.

THE UNCEASING MELODY.

BY HELEN CHAUNCEY.

Like some pink shell, that will not cease
Its murmur of the sea,
My heart sings on without release
This anthem full and free:
"Thou wilt keep him in perfect peace
Whose mind is stayed on thee."

The music of the melody
Has floated down the years;
A soul subduing harmony;
It elevates and cheers,
And, like the voice of Deity,
It dissipates all fears.
Beyond the sounds of earthly strife,
Beyond the frown and sigh,
Beyond the world with discord rife,
It lifts the soul on high,
To find a calm and restful life,
By faith in Christ brought nigh.

There perfect peace surrounds the soul
Whose trust on God is stayed;
While pressing onward to the goal,
It hears, all undismayed,
The deep notes of the music roll
Through sunlight and through shade.

And this is why, without release,
My heart sings full and free
The anthem that will never cease
Through all eternity:
"Thou wilt keep him in perfect peace
Whose mind is stayed on Thee."
—Parish Visitor.

JOHN SAUNDERS' MISTAKE.

John Saunders, a cartwright in a small way of business at Hillwood, had long since given up attending any place of worship. He had formerly gone to the Forest Chapel, and he had been a scholar in its Sunday-school. Mr. Evans, the minister, had been very hopeful about him with regard to the best things, but for the present his hopes had been sadly disappointed.

This is how it all happened. John thought himself very badly used in regard to a matter of business by Mr. Allen, who also attended the Forest Chapel. He told his story to Mr. Evans, and Mr. Evans tried to put things straight; but he did not succeed. Mr. Allen was quite as sure that he was in the right as John was that he was in the wrong; and Mr. Evans could not take upon himself to judge between them.

Mr. Evans was very sorry that John should leave the chapel, and he did all he could to persuade him to remain, but it was of no use. "No John said, 'not he; he was not going to a place where a man went who made such a big profession of religion and who had used him so shamefully.'"

It is always a bad thing when, without a very good reason, a man breaks away from the place of worship where he has attended nearly all his life, and especially when, like John, he breaks away in a bad temper. It is often a long time before he settles anywhere else, and sometimes he never settles at all.

After leaving the Forest Chapel, John went on a Sunday first to one church or chapel and then to another; but he did not find one of them quite to his mind. Either he did not care about the minister, or he did not like the people, or the singing was bad, or something else was wrong. So it often came to this, that on a Sunday morning he could not make up his mind where to go, and in the end he stayed at home. By and-by he gave up going anywhere.

But the Sundays hung heavily, and John did not know what to do with himself. Of course he could not open his shop and work, and though he was fond of reading, he could not read all day. When it was fine weather he strolled into the country; but then the weather was not always fine. When it was fine he did not

care to go by himself, and the company he found was not of the right sort. At length, not a Sunday came which did not find John in the public-house. Of course he went on other days as well.

This kind of thing is sure to bear its fruit, and very bad fruit too. John's home was no longer the happy home it had been. His wife got disheartened, some of his children, following his example, began to neglect both Sunday-school and chapel, and John's business fell off. He was on his way to ruin.

Happily, however, something occurred which, by God's blessing, brought him to a better mind.

A friend and former companion of John, who had left the town some years before, came back again. Like John, George Walters had been a scholar in the Forest Chapel Sunday-school, and after he had ceased to be a scholar he had continued to attend the chapel. When he returned to Hillwood, he went to the old place, and one of the first things he did was to look out for John; but John was not there.

The first evening Walters had at liberty he went to see John, but John was not in. He had gone out not long before to the Green Dragon.

Walters sat down with Mrs. Saunders for a few minutes, and he saw at once that all was not right. Mrs. Saunders did not tell him of her husband's altered life. Two of the children were there, and she was wise enough not to say anything against John in their presence; but as Walters went away, however, she told him in a low voice where she thought John might be found. Walters, however, did not care to go and seek him there, but he left a message for John, asking him to go to see him the following evening at his own house.

John went, and the two men exchanged very hearty greetings. Of course they had a great deal to say to one another of what had happened to themselves and to old companions and friends since they had met. At length Walters, who in the meantime had heard a little about John, told him in how he had looked for him at chapel, and how sorry he had been to miss him.

This opened the way for John to tell how it was that he had left.

"And where do you go now, John?" asked Walters.

"Well, George," replied John, "it is of no use going about the bush, it is not often I go anywhere. The fact is, I got so disgusted with what Allen did to me, that I did not care to go where he was; and then I've heard such a lot of things since of the same sort, that I made up my mind to have nothing more to do with religion or religious folks."

"That's a pity, John," said George, "and I think it is a mistake. Now would you mind answering me a question or two?"

"Well, what?" asked John.

"How many people, do you think, go to the Forest Chapel? or rather, how many went before you left off going?"

"I don't know," replied John; "Maybe five hundred."

"Then," asked George, "out of that five hundred how many could you name who wronged you, as you think Mr. Allen did—you or anybody else?"

"Well," replied John, after a little thought, "I can't say I could name anybody just at this moment."

"And of those other professing Christian people you spoke about as having done wrong," asked George again, "how many do you think you could name?"

"Oh, I can't tell," replied John, "half-a-dozen, at least."

"Half-a-dozen out of how many? I suppose out of ever so many hundreds?"

John was silent.

"Now, is it fair," asked Walters, "to judge religion by the half-dozen or the dozen who dishonour it, and take no account of the hundreds who, though still not perfect, were honest and true? And even though most of the people you know who profess to be religious were not what they ought to be, would that make the Bible and the Gospel false, or would that render it needless for you to seek salvation?"

John had evidently nothing to say to that.

"How much did you lose by Mr. Allen, John?" asked Walters.

"Every penny of twenty pounds," replied John.

"Well," said Walters, "that's a lot of money, and yet I suppose you did not think

it enough, but took all the money you had in the house and threw it away."

"What do you say?" asked John.

Walters repeated it.

"Nay," said John, "you know better than that. I was not such a fool."

"I did not think you were," replied Walters; "but have you not been throwing away what was worth a deal more—your peace of mind, your immortal soul? And then what harm you have been doing your family, by setting them such a bad example. If your children all go wrong, John, who will be to blame?"

This was plain speaking; but it was said so kindly that John could not take offence. He hung down his head for some minutes, and then he said, "Well George, it's true. I have been a fool."

They had a good deal more talk together, which we have not space to repeat. Enough if we tell the result. Under the influence of his friend, John went back to the house of God, and forsook the public-house. It was a hard struggle for him to get on his feet again in regard to his business, but he did it. His children are turning out well, and Walters hopes and believes that he has sought and found salvation.—*Buds and Blossoms.*

"DECENTLY AND IN ORDER."

BY THE REV. W. WYE SMITH.

I have just come home, this wet day, from Toronto, and, as I cannot stir outside, I must give you the history of a Jew, as a Toronto merchant gave it to a friend and me this morning. We were talking of Christian character, and the merchant said: "I never was so surprised as with M—, a travelling dealer—a peddler, if you choose so to call him—a Jew, and the most Jewish-looking Jew I ever saw. He was in here with his pack, and after showing some of his samples, he was doing up his pack with such exceeding care and neatness that I could not help taking notice of it, and said to him: 'You take great pains in doing up your things very neatly.' 'Yes,' he said; 'I do all things decently, and in order.'"

The merchant was surprised to hear a New Testament motto from a Jew, and said to him very pointedly, "Where did you learn that?"

The peddler looked up with a calm smile, and said: "I learned dot vere I learned, 'Coom unto me ye dot labor and are heavy laden, and I vill gif you rest;' and vere I learned, 'Dere is no oder name gifen under heafen among men vhereby ye can be safed.'"

"Oh!" said the merchant, "I am delighted to hear you say so. I did not know that you were a Christian." And then he was anxious to learn something of the history of this son of Abraham. He said when he was young he lived in London. He always had an admiration for a true Christian character. He saw a difference—in truth, integrity, and kindness—between those who were Christians, and those who only called themselves so. And this thought, this admiration, wrought in his mind, though he said nothing about it to any one; but secretly he made this resolve, "When I get older and marry, I will marry a Christian woman." Time passed on, and though he did not marry, he came to New York. There he was engaged in some way of dealing, and boarded in a house where the man and his wife were church-going people, and where there were other boarders, none of whom, however, seemed to be Jews. He went to the synagogue on Saturday, and on Sunday he stayed in his boarding-house and did nothing. He could not do business, and he said "he would not be seen on the streets among the loafers." And he felt sometimes very dull and "lonesome." So he said to the landlord, one Sunday evening, "I feel very lonesome when you go out, I have no body to talk to me. I will go with you to church." "Oh, no!" said the man, afraid that what he would hear might only provoke greater hostility on his mind toward Christ and his doctrines; "you are not going with me to church. You had better not go." "Yes," said he, "I will go with you. You will let me go?" So he went with him to Dr. R—'s church. The Scripture read that night was no other than that read by the Ethiopian, and commented on by Philip—the fifty-third chapter of Isaiah. Mr. M— paid the most devoted attention to the reading and the exposition. When he came home, he said to the man of the house: "I read that chapter in my Hebrew Bible,

and I find it is the same as I heard to night. If my Hebrew Bible is right, and Dr. R—'s English Bible is right, then Isaiah saw the Messiah coming, not to be a great king, but to suffer for men's sins." And from that point he went on, till he found Christ precious to his own soul, and offered himself for membership in Dr. R—'s church. On the day he was received into fellowship, Dr. R— said to his people, "I have a pleasing surprise for you to-day. I am about to give the right hand of fellowship to an Israelite, a heathen, and a Roman Catholic. They come from all quarters to worship the one Saviour."

"And did he remain unmarried?" I asked of the merchant. "No," he said, "Mr. M— married; when I know not; but he married a Christian woman, a Gentile."

I am sure his pastor will be pleased to hear of him still adorning the doctrines of God his Saviour. And there is one thought I would like to insist on, in this connection, and it is this; the value of Christian example and character. Those Christians in London will never know in this world how the eyes of a young Jew—one of the most unlikely people in the world—were on them, and how he was noticing their conduct and words and spirit; and though, perhaps, he would have resented any words addressed to him on religious subjects, the Spirit of God was using the daily influence of their lives to give the first impulse toward Christ of a spirit ill at ease with itself, and hungry for something it did not possess. We may not be eloquent, we may not be influential, we may not have many opportunities, but we can "live" Christ, and, so living, be a means of leading and blessing others.—*S. S. Times.*

A CASE OF RETRIBUTION.

A New York attorney relates the following incident:

Nearly a hundred years ago a Yorkshire peasant died in England, leaving a widow and eight children. Four of the children were children of a former wife. His only fortune was a single sovereign. His wife, however, had a little fortune of twelve pounds, received from her father.

Soon after the husband's death, the oldest son, who was eighteen years of age, and had been apprenticed to a carpenter, ran away. As he was a skilled workman and his services were of value, his master was extremely angry, and declared that he would punish him to the full extent of the law, if he should ever return.

The widow, who was only a stepmother to this boy—was most anxious and troubled at the boy's delinquency. She tried to appease the wrath of the master, but in vain. Knowing of her little property, the man finally offered to cancel the articles of apprenticeship if the widow would give him her little store of twelve pounds, all that she had between herself and poverty.

This offer the honorable woman consented to accept.

Soon after this criminal liability had been cancelled, the boy appeared, not to help the woman who had sacrificed so much for him, not even to thank her for her noble act, but to demand the single sovereign, the sole property left by his father. As it was his legal right, the widow gave it to him. He immediately left England for America, leaving his abused mother to fight poverty as best she could, and was never heard of by his English friends again.

Upon arriving in this country, the boy immediately found work at his trade. He was covetous, and his ambition was to accumulate money. He worked for it as few men ever worked. He took no rest. It was as though a demon urged him day and night.

He became miserly. Soon he allowed himself no comforts and subsisted in the cheapest possible way. For more than fifty years he lived, hoarding, and feverish for more gold. All through these years he gave no sign that he ever thought of returning the twelve pounds to the woman across the water, to whom he owed filial respect and gratitude.

Finally the result of his excessive work showed itself in inflammatory rheumatism. For seventeen years he lay on his bed, writhing under the pain this disease inflicts. Still he gave no sign of grateful obligation to his mother, or made any effort to restore the money.

But the day of summons came. He had lived to a most advanced age. With senses

dulled towards God and man, by his habits of covetousness, he died and passed on to meet his earthly record in another world.

A search was instituted for his heirs. The stepmother had long been dead. All of his own brothers and sisters were dead. Of his half brothers and sisters—children of the woman he had so wronged—three were living and among them the fortune of the miser was justly divided. It amounted to more than one hundred thousand dollars.

The lawyer in whose hands the property had been placed, had the curiosity to reckon the interest on the twelve pounds for the years which elapsed before it was returned to the family. At the high rates of interest then prevailing, the sum was found to approximate so nearly to the amount which was distributed among the heirs as to excite his surprise, and to cause the question, "Was this simply a coincidence?"

Unwittingly the man had worked and pinched and saved only to pay a debt which he never meant to pay. He had illustrated a truth that is not always apparent to human vision.

Injustice may do its wretched work and triumph in its wrong. But sometime and somewhere, in this life, or in the eternity that awaits with solemn portent all human events, the wrong will be brought to light, and justice will be done. Neither moral law nor physical law can be violated, with God and right to uphold them, and the violator escape penalty.—*Youth's Companion*.

"THOU KNOWEST NOT WHETHER SHALL PROSPER."

PHIL. O'MATH.

"A lady relates the following experience in her early Christian life. At the close of a term of court in the town where she resided, a large number of criminals were sentenced to the penitentiary. Among them was an old man for whom she became greatly burdened. Repeatedly the Spirit said, 'Go and speak to that old man,' and every time she answered: 'What can such a girl as I say to one so hardened in sin?' Still it said, 'Go and speak the words which I shall give thee.' Trembling under the burden she finally went and asked that the old man might come to the gaol window. As she addressed him, he began to vindicate himself and to curse his accusers, but God gave her a message to which he listened with stoical indifference. Her work being done, she went away with a sense of relief, but with this question on her lips, 'Why this sowing on the rock?'"

"Two years passed by and the incident was remembered only as the beginning of a work to which she felt especially called. Business called her to a neighboring town to see a judge. Her only chance for an interview was upon the street. As she waited his coming, she noticed a fine-looking and well-dressed gentleman standing near, who seemed to study her with more than ordinary interest. As she closed her business with the judge, he stepped forward and spoke her name, inviting her to his residence a few steps away. She felt it proper to go with him, but during the short walk, no explanation was given as to the meaning of the invitation. The beautiful yard, and well-furnished house indicated thrift and comfort. Seating her, he excused himself a few minutes, and then returned accompanied by his wife and two daughters. The group stood before her in silence, but apparently with feelings too deep for utterance. The silence was broken with these words: 'Miss A., you do not recognize me, or understand the import of this meeting, but you doubtless remember the message you delivered two years ago to an old man at the gaol in the town of B. Your words were not for him but for me, a chained prisoner at his feet. Every word you spoke went like a dagger to my heart. I saw what a miserable wretch I made of myself by choosing a life of sin, and I also saw how there was hope for a sinner like me. I never rested till I found pardon. The Lord also helped me to a release from prison. I became an industrious man, and have built this house with my own hands. When I heard your voice I immediately recognized it as the one by which God sent his message to my soul. You have the explanation of my strange conduct. All I am I owe to God, who in his great mercy sent you with a message of warning and comfort.'

"The lady in relating this said: 'I sat in wonder and amazement, as God's 'mysterious way' opened up to my limited under-

standing. I embraced His unknown will as never before. I went out to sow beside all waters and leave the results with the Lord, resolving never to count that sown upon a rock which God directs.'—*Living Epistle*.

"OLD TEN DOLLAR."

BY C. E. R. PARKER.

"What was 'Old Ten Dollar'?" or "Who was 'Old Ten Dollar'?" I fancy some of my young friends may inquire, and perhaps will be not a little astonished when I answer that "Old Ten Dollar" was a cow, and I will tell you how she came by such a curious name.

We children lived in a small farming town in the State of New Jersey. Our family was among the first settlers there, and our home (as I look back upon it now after many years of life's clouds and sunshine) seems almost like the garden of Eden for greenness and beauty and quiet peacefulness.

We had neighbors of every description; some thrifty and industrious and careful managers, keeping their farms and cattle in good order, and their families were respectable, God-fearing people. But many were thriftless and careless and slovenly about everything, and among this latter class was poor Peter Long. Everything about his farm was unutterably shabby. His fences were always falling down, his gates off the hinges, his barns open to the weather, and his cattle the most forlorn, uncared-for creatures, who had to look after themselves all the year round.

One morning, my brother Tom, sister Matty and I were strolling about with no particular object in view but to enjoy the lovely springtime just coming back to us after a long and dreary winter, and as we proceeded on our walk we found ourselves approaching the wretched premises of Peter Long, and we noticed standing near the barn, as if trying to get the benefit of a little sunshine on her shabby back, the most forlorn looking-cow our eyes ever rested on. She was originally of a respectable dun color, I have no doubt, but "the color was all done," as the Irishman would say. The hair was most all rubbed off her back, her hide was dingy and unsightly in its uncleanness and ugliness, and yet the poor creature had a kind, pitiful look in her large soft eyes as she watched us coming near. We plucked small handfuls of the new grass and gave it to poor bossy, but we had not moral courage enough to pat her with our hands, as we might have done to a more reputable-looking beast.

Presently old Peter caught sight of us and drew near with his shuffling feet, and we bade him good-morning as we stood looking at the wretched cow.

"Poor critter, isn't it?" he said. "She ain't good for nothing, and never will be; and yet she is not an old cow—not seven year old yet. I can't keep her, and I don't want to kill her," he added.

"She looks as if she did not have half enough to eat," spoke up honest Tom, in his straightforward way.

"Well, she never will, I guess," answered Peter with a sigh. "She has her chance at the vittles with the rest of the critters, but she don't grow no fatter."

"How would you like to sell her?" I ventured to ask hesitatingly.

"Sell her! Why, nobody wouldn't want her, of course. I would sell her fast enough if I had a good offer. I will let you have her for ten dollars, young man, and perhaps you can make a cow out of her."

"A cow out of her," exclaimed Tom; "why, she is a cow now, I suppose, though a very poor one, to my idea of cows."

"Yes, that's so," said Peter. "She is a cow by name and she is a cow by nature, and yet she ain't no cow at all, according as I look upon critters. You don't want to buy her, do you, Thomas. I say you may have her for ten dollars."

Well, we children looked at the disreputable beast thoroughly, over and over, and then we put our heads together to discuss ways and means, and finally we told Peter we would think about it, but we should have to go home and talk over the matter with our parents and see if they would allow us to make the purchase, and told him that, any way, he might drive the cow over in the morning and let them all have a look at her.

Our account of the poor animal did not seem at all satisfactory to our father but we pleaded very hard, and told him that we had money enough between us to pay for

the cow, if she could be our own and belong to us all three together.

The wretched-looking animal was driven over early the next morning. Peter had rubbed her up a little, but she looked forlorn enough. Neither father nor mother thought her at all prepossessing, but finally father said we might buy the cow if we were able to pay for her, but on condition that we took care of her ourselves. He said that she might have the same food and pasture with the other cows through the summer, and if we succeeded in making a cow of her we were entitled to all the profits from her, selling the milk and butter, and might divide the proceeds between us three. Jerry should see to her at first, and afterward Tom must learn to milk her, as he was head proprietor, and Matty and I must be dairymaids.

So we bought the cow. The ten dollars were paid down very cheerfully, and the unattractive animal became our property. We christened her "Old Ten Dollar," and she never knew another name.

You could hardly believe how rapidly she improved under the treatment she received from us all. Jerry scrubbed her down and made her clean and presentable, soon she began to put on a respectable coat of hair, and before the fall she was as decent a looking cow as any on the farm. She was very gentle and kind, and seemed to appreciate the loving care of our hands, she knew her name and would follow us like a pet dog. Tom soon learned to milk, and sister Matty and I were dairymaids; we bought bright tin pails and pans and a small churn, and we made butter and sold milk, and "Old Ten Dollar" became really valuable property.

The next spring we raised a pretty calf which was born to "Old Ten Dollar," and which did her mother great credit, and became a fine cow, and after a while we each had a cow of our own and "Old Ten Dollar," between us. We were really getting to be very prosperous farmers, and in time sold not only milk and butter, but cattle of our own raising, and made our business not only self-supporting but quite remunerative. And when our brother Tom was grown up, father set off a certain part of the farm as his portion, and the greater proportion of the dairy stock upon the farm were descendants of the "Old Ten Dollar" family of different generations.

But the dear old home is broken up now, father and mother have passed to their heavenly inheritance, and we children all have homes of our own. Thomas keeps up his place in the country for a summer residence, and a very beautiful home it is too, and his children and his children's children still love to hear him tell the story of "Old Ten Dollar," and the name has been retained as a familiar enduring name among the sleek soft-eyed cows of his dairy farm.—*Illus. Chris. Weekly*.

THE SECRET OF IT.

Olive Meeker was a womanly, helpful child of ten years. Her mother said she was her "right hand," for she was always close by to help when she was needed, and could always be depended on; for whatever she did was done just as well as she knew how to do it, whether people were looking at her or not.

"She is no eye-servant," her mother said. "I can rely upon her as I could upon a woman."

What a reputation for a little girl to have! I have seen so many children who would never think to help mother at all unless she asked them, and then would object, or pout, or fret—or if they did what she asked, would take no sort of pains to do it well—that when I became acquainted with Olive I admired and loved her.

At one time I was visiting her mother's house. We were expecting company and were all very busy getting ready. Mrs. Meeker had given Olive and Crissy, my little daughter, permission to go into the garden and cut flowers to fill the vases and decorate the rooms.

"Go now," she said, "while Arthur is asleep, and there will be no trouble."

But they had not cut half the flowers they needed before a cry reached them from the nursery.

"That's a sign," laughed Olive.

"A sign of what?" asked Crissy.

"Why, that there is no more cutting and arranging flowers for me. Didn't you hear Artie?"

"The little nuisance!" said Crissy. "Let him cry, I would not go."

"Mamma is busy, I must go," said Olive, and away she ran. She tried to hush the little fellow in the cradle, for I could hear her singing little baby-songs in a low, soft tone, but he would not be kept down, there was no sleep in him.

"He always seems to know when I want him to sleep for any particular reason," she said afterward, good-naturedly; "I think he smelled the flowers this time."

So, finding it was useless to try any longer she took him out of the cradle, washed his face and brushed his hair, and took him down to the piazza. Crissy had brought in the basket of flowers and was putting them up in bouquets, and Olive longed to help her. She put Artie down on the footstool and gave him his playthings, but nothing would satisfy him but flowers, and when she gave him a handful of flowers, the little tyrant looked as cross as before.

"Poor little thing! I guess his teeth hurt him," she said: "I must try to amuse him."

I watched the child to see if her good nature would hold out. It never for a moment failed. I knew she wanted to be beside Crissy at work with the flowers, but she gave it all up to take care of that cross baby, and she did not fret at all, notwithstanding his fretting and spiteful ways. She was as bright and sweet as the roses and lilies themselves, and tried to please her baby-brother until mother came and took him away.

"Thank you, darling," mamma said when she carried him in, and Olive smiled and looked so happy.

Then I talked with the little girl. I said, "You wanted to be at work with the flowers didn't you?"

"Oh, yes'm," she answered, "but that was nothing. Mamma says that babies are worth more than flowers, and then you know we want him to grow sweet tempered, and he can't if we are cross with him."

"I noticed you spoke very low to him. I should have spoken loud."

"Mamma says the crosser he is and the louder he cries, the more careful we should be to speak softly; that's to teach him, you know. He takes lessons from us every day and we must give him only that sort we want him to learn. That is mamma's doctrine."

A very good doctrine. I wish all the little girls who had to help mother and amuse baby sisters or brothers would take lessons from Olive and her mother.

But I learned the secret of Olive's helpful happy ways later one day when I was talking with her mother.

"Why, Olive is a little Christian," said Mrs. Meeker. "She loves Jesus, and tries to please him in all she does."

Ah! that is the secret of it. I see it all now.—*S. S. Visitor*.

Question Corner.—No. 7.

BIBLE QUESTIONS.

A DUMB MESSENGER.

This messenger never had existence except in a certain man's sleeping thoughts, and was only enabled to deliver its message to him through another man's lips. By the same man's lips; also, though without his knowledge, it delivered a message of great importance at the same time to other men that stood by. More singular still, in this same roundabout manner, it said, at that time, to one of these two: "In reality, I belong to you." Finally, it may be said to have afterward become a messenger of death to countless numbers of the oppressors and enemies of the people of God. What "messenger" is intended? to whom did it speak? What did it signify? And what did it finally do?

ANSWERS TO BIBLE QUESTIONS IN No. 6.

1. Phillip, Acts 21: 8.
2. Tarsus, a city in Cilicia, Act. 21: 39.
3. In connection with the stoning of Stephen, Acts 8: 1.
4. By Festus to Paul, Acts 27: 24.

ACROSTIC.—The Prodigal Son.—1. Thomas, Thistles 2. Husks. 3. Emerald. 4. Palm. 5. Rose. 6. Olive. 7. Dates. 8. Juniper. 9. Gourd. 10. Almond. 11. Lilies. 12. Spikenard. 13. Onions. 14. Nettles.

CORRECT ANSWERS RECEIVED.

Correct answers have been received from Albert Jessie French, Hattie J. Judd, Josie Kenney, Alma L. Haddock and Bella F. Christie.

(Continued from first page.)

ing. In February 1853, partly in consequence of a difference in political opinion, Sir Henry Lawrence was removed to the province of Oudh, and John left as chief commissioner of the Punjab. The deepest sorrow was felt among the natives at the prospect of Sir Henry's loss and a long procession of chiefs followed for five, ten and twenty miles in his train as he left the city.

In 1856 John Lawrence was created a K. C. B. In 1857 the terrible mutiny broke out and it was this more than anything else that shewed of what metal he was made. Here he was, cut off by the mutinous district from communication with the capital, at the head of a province which itself, only a few years ago, had been hostile to the British. But under him the Sikhs remained loyal. From the Punjab every want of the army was supplied, provisions, ammunition, money, the whole country was drained of its best officers and most trust-worthy troops, and from what had been but a few years before a hostile population, tens of thousands of enthusiastic soldiers were gathered to supply the place of the rebellious Sepoys. So much did he do that the leading members of the governments of England and India, and the chief officers of the army before Delhi, the heart of the rebellion, "all greeted Sir John Lawrence by acclamation as the man who had done more than any other single man to save the Indian Empire."

In 1859 he returned to England, was created a baronet, and given a life pension of, in all, £3,000. Five years afterwards, in 1864, he was sent out again, as Viceroy of the whole of India. Five years more he served the country and then came home, and on his final arrival "the great procurator of our English Christian empire" was created Baron Lawrence of the Punjab, and of Grately, Hants. He took as his arms and crest those of his brother Henry, who had been killed while commanding the garrison in the siege of Lucknow, only changing the motto from "Never give in" to "Be ready." He held no paid office on his return home but was elected first chairman of the London School Board and was engaged in many other enterprises for the public good. For the rest he lived a quiet, happy home life, his chief thoughts being centred in his wife and family. In 1876 his sight began to fail and during his remaining years he could read no book but his New Testament, which was printed in very large type; and a pathetic picture is given of the noble old man sitting hour after hour with his finger on the page trying to spell out a few verses. On the 25th of June, 1879 he took to his bed and for two days lay helpless, seldom opening his eyes and apparently recognizing no one but his wife, but replying to her as she bent down to kiss him and ask him if he knew her, "To my last gasp, my darling." On the 27th he died. Murmuring to himself "I am so weary," this man, who had known little but hard work all his life, passed away to the land where there shall be no more sickness, and where the weary shall have eternal rest. He was buried in Westminster Abbey.

Said a clergyman who had known him, "I never knew any one so simple, so prayerful, so hard-working, so heroic. He is one of the few men whom, when I come to die, I shall thank God that I have known."

TRAINING.

"How are you, Howard?" I am just going to dinner and want company, will you join me?"

"Many thanks, Charlie, but I am on low diet now, I am training."

"For what?" Howard asked.

"Why, for a boat-race I expect to row in a week or so. You see, we fellows have to get ourselves in good trim if we expect to be victorious, so, Charlie, no big dinners or late hours. We must have our system in proper condition."

Our young friend, that he might obtain success simply in a boat-race, was willing to deny himself those things which his appetite most craved, and put himself under the necessary discipline. Young men did you ever think of the race you are all participating in? The life race. Are you not willing to train for this, knowing that he who runs shall receive a crown of glory?

You need not expect to be a winner in this race without effort any more than in the other. Are you not willing then, as in

the other, to make the necessary effort, to bring your body and soul under control so that the temptations of the Evil One may not overcome you, so that when the life race is over you may find yourself a winner and the crown for which you have been striving ready to adorn your brow? Is there not an eternity? If so, is it not worth striving for? Be not content, then, to live merely, to satisfy self with the pleasures of this world only, but "let us run with patience the race that is set before us, looking unto Jesus, the Author and Finisher of our faith."—*Christian Intelligencer*.

SCHOLARS' NOTES.

(From International Question Book.)

Studies in the Acts of the Apostles.

LESSON II.—APRIL 12

PAUL'S SHIPWRECK.—ACTS 27: 27-44.

COMMIT VERSES 33-36.

GOLDEN TEXT.

Then they cry unto the Lord in their trouble, and he bringeth them out of their distresses.—Ps. 107: 28.

CENTRAL TRUTH.

God able to deliver out of trouble.

DAILY READINGS.

M. Acts 27: 27-44.
T. Ps. 107: 1-9.
W. Ps. 107: 23-32.
Th. Matt. 14: 22-33.
F. John 21: 1-14.
Sa. Isa. 61: 1-5.
Su. Ps. 93: 1-5.

INTRODUCTION.—After Paul's reassuring address in the last lesson, in which he communicated to his fellow voyagers the tidings announced to him by the angel, some little time elapsed; when, on the fourteenth night of the storm, about midnight, the sailors surmised that they were nearing land. It is at this point that the lesson opens.

HELPS OVER HARD PLACES.

27. ADRIA—the Adriatic Sea. It anciently included the central basin of the Mediterranean Sea, between Italy and Greece on the north, and extended as far south as Africa. DSEMED, ETC.—probably from the sound of breakers heard through the darkness. 30. UNDER COLOX, ETC.—they pretended that they wished to row out well forward of the ship and drop anchors there also, so that the ship might be the more securely held. PAUL, ETC.—Paul discovered their plot, and instantly made it known to the centurion and soldiers, because they had the force to suppress it. EXCEPT THESE ABIDE, ETC.—though God had promised to save all, proper means must be used. The sailors were needed to bring the ship ashore. 33. FOURTEENTH DAY—since they left Fair Haven, the duration of the storm. CONTINUED FASTING—i.e., without regular meals. 31. FOR YOUR HEALTH—or safety. Food would give them strength for the exertions of getting ashore. 32. MEAT—food. 33. CAST OUT THE WHEAT—the other merchandise was cast overboard some time before (v. 18). 42. TO KILL THE PRISONERS—because they were responsible for the prisoners, and might have to suffer death themselves if the prisoners escaped.

QUESTIONS.

INTRODUCTORY.—Where was Paul in our last lesson? What promise had God made to him? (To-day we see how this promise was fulfilled.)

SUBJECT: GOD'S PROMISE FULFILLED.

I. THE NIGHT OF SUSPENSE (vs. 27-30).—How long had the storm continued? How did they know they were nearing land? What land was it? What did they do during the rest of the night? What selfish act did the sailors undertake? What was their object? What was their pretence? Why was this a mean act? What selfish act did the soldiers afterward propose? (v. 42.)

II. SONGS IN THE NIGHT (vs. 31-33).—How did Paul defeat the sailors' plan? Why could not the others be saved unless the sailors remained on board? What other help did Paul render the ship's company? Had they been entirely without food for fourteen days? What two things gave them strength and courage? How did Paul show his religious principle? Should we always follow his plan of giving thanks before eating? Why? What other help still later on was the result of Paul's character? How many persons were on the ship?

III. THE MORNING OF DELIVERANCE (vs. 39-44).—In what place did they find themselves in the morning? What plans for safety did they pursue? How did they all escape at last? Show by this that God's promises and human free-will are harmonious!

PRACTICAL SUGGESTIONS.

I. The selfishness of heathen sailors and soldiers here contrasted with Paul's helpfulness.
II. Christianity cares for the bodies as well as the souls of men.
III. Paul confessing his religion before men by prayer as well as by acts.
IV. The beauty and appropriateness of giving thanks before meals.
V. God's promises are certain to be fulfilled.
VI. But this does not exclude the use of all the means in our power.

LESSON III.—APRIL 19

PAUL GOING TO ROME.—ACTS 28: 1-15.

COMMIT VERSES 3-6.

GOLDEN TEXT.

He thanked God, and took courage.—Acts 28: 15.

CENTRAL TRUTH.

God encourages in many ways those who put their trust in him.

DAILY READINGS.

M. Acts 28: 1-15.
T. Matt. 10: 32-42.
W. Ps. 91: 1-16.
Th. Luke 10: 17-24.
F. James 5: 13-20.
Sa. Rom. 1: 1-18.
Su. Josh. 1: 1-9.

TIME.—Winter of A. D. 60-61. Paul was wrecked about Nov. 1, A. D. 60, and left Malta for Rome about Feb. 8, A. D. 61, and arrived at Rome about March 1.

PLACE.—Malta, an island near the centre of the Mediterranean Sea, 60 miles south of Sicily and 200 miles north of Africa. The inhabitants were of Phœnician origin, from Carthage. The island is 17 miles long and nine wide.

CIRCUMSTANCES.—In our last lesson Paul and his 276 companions were wrecked off the shore of Malta. They had reached the land to them unknown; the storm had not entirely ceased, for it was raining, but the wind had become less violent. We find them to-day drenched and cold on the shore, with the wreck not far away on the sand-bar.

HELPS OVER HARD PLACES.

1. MELITA—the modern Malta. 2. BARBAROUS PEOPLE—the natives. The Greeks called all who were not Latin or Greek, barbarians. 3. PAUL GATHERED—he did his part of the work like any good man. A VIPER—a small deadly serpent concealed in the wood. The heat warmed it into activity. 5. FELT NO HARM—as Christ had promised, Mark 16: 18. 7. CHIEF MAN—probably the governor. 8. FEVER and dysentery. PRAYED—to receive the favor if God willed, and to show them the source of his power. 9. OTHERS—the rest, all the sick who came to him. God did this probably to endorse Paul as a true man of God; for he came to them as a prisoner, and they had no means of knowing his character. He doubtless preached the Gospel at this time. 11. WHOSE SIGN—the designation of the vessel, and showing that they trusted on the heathen divinities of the sea. Castor and Pollux were twin brothers, sons of Jupiter, whose goodness was said to be rewarded by placing them in the sky as a constellation. 12. SYRACUSE—30 miles from Malta. The chief city of Sicily. 13. RHEGIUM—at the southern point of Italy. PUTEOLI—a town at the head of the Bay of Naples, 140 miles from Rome. 14. WENT TOWARD ROME—by land, chiefly by the famous Appian Way. 15. APPII FORUM—a place 40 miles from Rome. The next delegation came as far as The Three Taverns, thirty miles from Rome.

QUESTIONS.

INTRODUCTORY.—Where did we leave Paul and his companions in our last lesson? How many escaped? Was the storm over?

SUBJECT: ENCOURAGEMENT.

I. PAUL ENCOURAGED BY THE KINDNESS OF THE PEOPLE (vs. 1, 3).—In what country were the shipwrecked company? In what state of need were they? What people inhabited this island? How did they help those who were cast among them? Why were they called "barbarous"? What lesson do we learn from their kindness?

II. ENCOURAGED BY GOD'S CARE OVER HIM (vs. 5-9).—What did Paul do to help the company? Was this worthy work for an apostle? What happened to him? What did the natives think of him? How far were they right in thinking that special suffering was a proof of sin? What was the effect on Paul? What promise was fulfilled for him? (Mark 16: 18). Will God always do this for us? How is the promise sometimes fulfilled? (Rom. 8: 28). What did the natives now think of Paul? How far were they right in this opinion? How would this incident help Paul to preach the Gospel to them?

III. BY GOD'S WONDERS WORKED THROUGH HIM (vs. 7-10).—Who entertained Paul? How was his kindness rewarded? What other miracles were wrought by Paul? Is there any other account of Paul's working so many miracles? What reason can you think of why so many were wrought now? What is a miracle? How do they attest the truth? Did Paul preach the Gospel in Malta? How long did he remain there?

IV. BY BRINGING HIM SAFELY TO HIS JOURNEY'S END (vs. 11-14).—When did Paul leave Malta? Trace the journey on the map. Give a brief account of the places named? How long was he in reaching Rome?

V. BY THE LOVE AND FAITHFULNESS OF THE CHURCH AT ROME (v. 15).—What two delegations came out from Rome to meet Paul? How far did they go? Along what famous road? How did their coming encourage Paul? Why did he thank God for what men did?

PRACTICAL SUGGESTIONS.

I. God often blesses us more by letting trouble come upon us, and then saving us from it, than he would by preventing it altogether.
II. God rewarded the unselfish kindness of the people, both in their bodies and in their souls.
III. The commonest service for love's sake is worthy of the greatest man.
IV. As Paul shook off the viper, so should we all sin.
V. The danger of misjudgments of men, by looking only at outward circumstances.
VI. God uses worldly wealth, commerce, inventions, as this heathen ship, for spreading the Gospel.
VII. Sympathy and expressions of love bring great encouragement.

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